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THE  
H O G  
Toss'd in a BLANKET,  
BY THE  
*Observator* and his *Country-man*.



Printed for Honest Roger, Country-man to the Observator, 1705.  
14. Feb. 1705.

## The HOG Toss'd in a Blanket, &c.

*Country-Man.*

**T**RUTH, Master, nothing could have pleas'd me more :  
What Pleasure 'tis to hear his Hogship roar ?  
Exert your Strength, advance your Arm with mine,  
And let us make a Devil of a Swine.

*Hog.*

You're but a Silly, Sorry, Sawcy Dog,  
To call so great a Man as I a Hog :  
But 'tis Essential to your Brazen Face ;  
You call'd the French Kings General an *Affs.*

*Observator.*

Toss him a Turnip, let him Bite and Peck,  
When Hogs are hungry, what a Noise they make ?

*Country-Man.*

I'll see him Hang'd as soon, a Nasty Beast,  
Before I'll treat his Chops with such a Feast :  
A Turnip, quotha ; no, I'll vent my Scorn,  
A Peck of Rotten Beans shall serve his turn.

*Hog.*

Continue to Rail on, ye Country Loon,  
A Summons now would make you change your Tune ;  
And you shall have it whatsoe'er it cost me ;  
I'll make you Rue the Day that e'er you Toss'd me.

*Observator.*

Do what thou canst Ungrateful Treach'rous Slave ;  
Strive to exert thy self a greater Knave ;  
Turn my Well-meaning into Redicule ;  
Call me a Rogue, and prove thy self a Fool.  
My Lines in Glorious Annals will be Read,  
When thou and all the Sons of Spight are Dead.

I'll still Oppose their Villany and Lies,  
Maugre the Malice of my Enemies.

*Country-Man.*

Master, I'd have you maul him with your Cane;  
Thrash him alittle, Talking is in Vain:  
You'll then his farther Raillery prevent;  
Tossing is but an easie Punishment.

*Observator.*

'Tis true, I would my Rage in Blows explain,  
Had he the Sence or Figure of a Man;  
But since he's neither, Thrashing I'll decline:  
What Credit can it be to Beat a Swine?  
He'll only make a Noise, and Bellow more.

*Country-Man.*

God Bless you Thrash him then, I'd have him Roare.  
He looks as if he meant to stand the Brunt;  
But hold your hand, I see he wants to Grunt.

*Hog.*

Yes, Sirrah, you shall hear me Grunt e'er long,  
And I shall hear you Sing another Song:  
I'll catch the *Observator* in a Net,  
Before the present Term is ended yet.

*Country-Man.*

Master, I've got a Project worth your Notice,  
A special Whim in *Verbo Sacerdotis*.  
Let's hang a Yoke about his Neck, and then  
He'll be distinguish'd from the rest of Men.  
The Town will Hoot and Shout him for a Rogue,  
And every Boy will cry *Here comes the Hog.*  
As this wou'd Please your Friends to Hear and See,  
'Twou'd be as good as Cakes and Ale to me.

*Hog.*

The *Observator* needs not Fome and Froth;  
I've Informations that will stop his Mouth:

He hopes to miss the Bar: (but I hope not)  
 His Old Abuses are not yet forgot.  
 Here's *Inuendo's*, if they won't suffice,  
 Rather than fail I'll make 'em out with Lies.  
 Or, should I add an Oath, will't be a Crime?  
 I've done such small Offences many a time.  
 His Writing too, his Villany Displays,  
 He's Impudent, as Honest *Lesley* says.

*Country-Man.*

*Lesley*'s the Spring of Lies, and thou'rt the Source,  
 'Tis past my Skill to Censure which is worse:  
 If Satan shou'd be forc'd a Choice to make,  
 He'd be Confounded which o'th' two to take:  
 He'd be so very long in choosing whether,  
 That I dare say he'd take you both together.  
 Rail on you Sons of Malice, vent your Spleen:  
 Go side with Rogues, and Banter Honest Men:  
 The *Observator* values not the Stories  
 Of Envious Jacobites and Fiery Tories.  
 He's no Deluding Pampleteering Sham,  
 But he's a Downright True-Born Englishman:  
 He don't excuse a Knave because at Court,  
 He'll do 'em Justice if he suffers for't.  
 He scratches Men that has a Factious Itch,  
 And never spares a Rogue for being Rich.  
 But, now I think on't, I'm a Foolish Dog,  
 What signifies my talking to a Hog:  
 Let's Toss him down, and leave him while he's Sober,  
 And go and take one Bumper of October

F I N I S.